THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXVIII. } JANUARY, 1876. { NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 1.

THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WELL, dear readers, here I am again to continue to do my best for you. I feel deeply the compliment of being chosen the editor of the "Dayspring," and hope I may not fail to conduct it to your pleasure and profit.

To be sure, I am like the old woman in the shoe when I think of you all from Maine to California, and in Canada too, waiting monthly for the "Dayspring;" but my heart will teach my head what to do.

In every number there will be something in large print for the little ones; a continued story for boys and girls from eight to twelve, intended to increase their interest in our humble friends, the dumb creatures; and one article, at least, especially adapted to readers from twelve to sixteen.

As we learn as much, if not more, from what we read than from what we study, I do not take up my congenial duty with a careless mind; on the contrary, with the earnest desire not only to entertain your minds, but to interest your hearts in religious truth, whence, and whence only, can be derived sweet peace and pure satisfaction.

Ever your friend,

ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

How joyfully your glad voices ring it out, trying to get the start of every one else! Does it occur to you that you can do more than wish? that you can do something towards *making* this a happy new year in your home, day school, and Sunday school? You cannot lift heavy burdens of pain and care, but you can do your little part towards making sunshine about you.

To begin at the beginning, resolve on New Year's Day that you will try neither to fall asleep at night or wake in the morning without a short prayer, if it be only, — "Heavenly Father, help me to be a good child."

It is tough to spring out of bed frosty mornings; but it is the first step which costs: after that, all is easy. Begin right; and the hours, which are the day's pieces, will fit like the pieces of a puzzle.

I think Mary Howitt tells of a boy who was almost in despair at the thought that he must wash, dress, and brush his teeth three hundred and sixty-five times a year. But it did not seem so hard when his mother reminded him that that morning's work came only once a day.

Here let me say, my dears, whatever you do, do not neglect your teeth; for good ones are a letter of introduction to every one's favor, and will do more for your health, comfort, and looks than any amount of money or fine clothes.

Next in order come your lessons. Before you look them over, say to yourselves, "Polly wants a cracker;" and see that Polly gets it, for it hurts the eye to use it when you are fasting. Go promptly about lessons, so as to have time to find grandmamma's spectacles or to amuse the baby.

At school attend to its duties. Never fancy it is pretty at that time to make others laugh or giggle yourself. Then, when glorious recess comes, you can jump and shout, and kick foot-ball, with no heavy lump of self-reproach to make you dull or peevish.

Happy New Year you wish to all? Then do something for the shy girl in the corner or the homesick boy from the country.

Walk in an orderly manner to and from school. When you return home, put your books and slate where you can easily find them; and do not throw your hat, coat, or sack where some one else, more busy than you, must look after them.

These may seem to you minute rules and

small duties, but they are constantly recurring figures in the sum of life. If you neglect them, there is reason to fear that you will be faithless to the larger trusts and more stirring duties, which, sooner or later, may come to you all.

THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

JACK has one darling wish, — to be big enough to go out far to sea with his father. Nothing you could offer him on the solid earth would compare with it. He has scrambled to this rock very easily with his hob-nailed shoes; but he would have gone with bare feet rather than not at all.

He loves the sea not only in its to-day's quiet mood, but when it lashes its white mane, as if enraged with the earth. Every sea-sound, every sea-smell, is grateful to him; and as for his stalwart father, he seems to him a king among men.

I hope Jack will have his wish, and follow the sea. I hope, also, that he will not only follow in his father's footsteps in walking on the mighty deep, but will, like him, be so honest, true-hearted, God-fearing, that no storm will blanch his courage, and that in the midst of the wildest raging of the elements he may hear the whisper of the still small voice in his soul, which says: "In the hollow of my hand I hold thee, so that naught can come nigh thee to hurt thee or make thee afraid."

FOR THE ELDER SCHOLARS.

THE beginning of a new year is a blessed time, not only for the expression of love and the interchange of kindly gifts, but as a marked pause in life, in which we can look backward and forward, and, while regretting wherein the last year was a failure, manfully resolve that the new shall be an improvement upon it.

The most thoughtless must be arrested in their heedless course for a moment, the most worldly be sobered by the conviction of the shortness of time and the certainty of change.

I trust that the Sunday-scholars throughout the length and the breadth of this land have a prevailing sense that, while this world is beautiful when rightly used, we are not put in it to abuse it, by losing sight of the fact that it is but the training-school and the portal of Heaven.

Ah, boys, if I could only turn your hearts, fix your affections, on the true riches. It is well you have to earn your living. It is needful to give thought to it. It is well to be shrewd, capable, far-seeing; to sell your goods at a fair profit; to have your ships come in laden with merchandise, — well, if at no loss of self-respect, honor, and honesty.

Success, worldly success, is good; but not at the cost of self-culture, of large-heartedness, of a quiet conscience. Be sure I speak the words of soberness when I affirm that religion alone has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. The true and peaceful enjoyment of *this* world even is attainable only by those who have begun to live in the other, with whom obedience to God's will is supreme.

KEEP A DIARY.

IT will help you to form a concise style of writing. It will remind you of how you have failed. It will cheer you, by proving in black and white that your days have not all been idle. It will be, when you are grown up, a sweet and tender reminder of what you did as a child; and of much that you are too apt to forget, that was done for you by parent, teacher, and friend.

For The Dayspring.

EPIPHANY, OR TWELFTH DAY, — THEN AND NOW.

THEN.

THE world, so long in darkness held, had seen a
glorious light;
A heavenly song had echoed through the silence of
the night;
The fulness of the time had come, the old year's
work was o'er,
And angel choirs had heralded the new from shore
to shore.
The infant Saviour, pillowed upon his mother's
breast,
Came as the promised one in whom all nations
should be blest!

Far in the gilded Orient, where heaven's starry
host
Was watched by studious Magi, in deep devotion
lost,
A shining star had risen to lead them on their way
To where the world's Redeemer in his manger-
cradle lay.
Obedient to its guiding, the desert way was trod,
That they might hail the infant King, long prom-
ised them of God!

No royal palace welcomed them, no martial guard
was there,
No regal purple clothed him; no crown, nor jewels
rare;
No greatness — as the world calls great — there met
their wistful eyes;
But faith was strong within them to pierce the thin
disguise:
To faith, the child appeared a King, the manger
was a throne,
And prone before him in the dust his royal claim
they own.

They spread the costly treasures of their own bright
sun-lit land:
Pure gold of Sheba, worthy gift, to grace his royal
hand;
Sweet frankincense, whose perfume rare told of his
heavenly birth;
And myrrh, that spoke of trials sore, and sufferings
upon earth;
And first, and last, and best of all, within each
noble breast
A pure and simple love welled up that hallowed all
the rest.

And then, their mission ended, they heard the stern
command,
"Return not unto Herod, but seek your native
land!"
It came to them in dreaming; but not theirs to
dream alone,
For the earliest dawn of morning saw their home-
ward flight begun.
And far o'er trackless deserts the glorious news they
tell,
Jesus the Christ is born to us, the great Emmanuel!

NOW.

THE rolling year has brought us the Christmas time
again, —
We've joined the happy chorus: "Peace on earth,
good-will to men;"
We've hailed the New-Year's coming, from the
greatest to the least,
And here we have old "Twelfth Day." How shall
we keep the feast?

Our watchword shall be "Onward!" and "Up-
ward" be our gaze;
The shining star of duty will lead o'er doubtful
ways,
Our willing hearts shall follow where its steady light
shall guide,
Until it places us at last safe at our Saviour's side.

And though the way be rugged, still we will per-
severe;
Though humble our attainments, our faith shall still
shine clear;
We'll not despond about the past, but strive to do
our best,
Work nobly in the present hour, and leave to God
the rest.

We come from life's bright Orient, the happy days
of youth,
We give ourselves and all our powers as servants of
the Truth!

In hours of joy we'll walk with God; in hours of pain as well,
And faith will cheer the darkness, for "He doeth all things well!"

We'll bring the richest treasures which our youthful hearts can find:
The gold, a life of purity, a humble, willing mind;
The frankincense of noble deeds, of sweet and holy thought;
The myrrh, our own self-sacrifice,—life's battle nobly fought!

And when life's journey is complete, and every duty done,
We'll watch the golden glory which marks the setting sun;
We'll wait the voice from Heaven which bids us seek our home,
Then, sleeping, wake to hear the words, "Come, blessed children, come!"

'Tis thus, O holy Father! we would keep the feast to-day,
By loving consecration to thy blest and holy way;
Give thou the strength and guidance till our earthly journey's o'er,
Then welcome us to peace and joy upon the heavenly shore.

W. N. E.

MONTREAL, TWELFTH DAY, 1876.

A CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

AT St. Luke's Hospital, one Christmas Eve, a Christmas-tree was prepared for the children. Every child there was an invalid. Most of them had been born to suffering, and many of them had in prospect only a life of pain.

There was a long corridor, on each side of which was a row of cots,—forty-two in all,—in each of which sat, propped up on a snowy pillow, and wrapped in red flannel, a little sick child. From this room an arch opens into the gallery of the chapel, so that lying in bed they can hear the service below.

In this archway stood the Christmas-tree, which was lighted with a hundred tapers; and the boughs were hung with sparkling treasures. All faces were turned with eager delight to the brilliant apparition, which shone in their eyes like a very tree of Paradise. The little suffering ones burst forth in a song to the Babe of Bethlehem; and it was beautiful to know that he who was once a child could cheer the sad lot of those to whom existence brings so much to suffer and so little to enjoy.

When the hymn ceased, there was great stillness,—no pattering of little feet, no merry shout, such as in happy homes is wont to greet the glittering spectacle.

But, when the presents were distributed, the smiles which came over the pale faces were sweet to behold. Kind friends had supplied a gift for every child; not one was forgotten. Every thing had been done to make them forget their pain. Each one had just what was wanted, from the girl of twelve to "little Willie," the baby and pet of the house, who was two years old.

Going from bed to bed, you could share the delight afforded by the opening of each precious bundle. In one cot, a morsel of a boy, no bigger than Tiny Tim, exhausted by the excitement, had fallen fast asleep on his pillow, his little hand still clasping the unopened parcel and his lips parted in a smile, seeming to finish in his dream the Christmas carol which had lulled him to rest.

The gentleman who has charge of the institution moved about among the cots, smiling at all, as pleased and happy as if they were his own children.

A little child who came as a visitor looked at his benevolent countenance, and saw how his face made sunshine everywhere, and, pulling her mother's dress, whispered, "Is that St. Luke?"

If not the original, he is at least a true successor of the beloved physician.

Home Sketches by Mrs. H. M. Field.

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE.

"O Goo!" she said, "the poor little boy! he's burnt, so burnt; and he cries, and he's got a brown mouth, and nothing nice to eat, and his clothes are all burnt up!"

"Did you see him?" asked Gerty, eagerly. "Oh, I wish I had gone."

"So do I, dear," said May. "Oh, dear, I am so sorry about the poor little, poor little Billy!"

"Is he very poor?" asked Gerty.

"Yes, very," said May: "I didn't see any boys, or joy-house like ours; and it's a little dark house what he lives in; it's all a kitchen. I shouldn't like to live there."

"May, I'll tell you what," said Gerty, "let us give him some of our toys: what would he like, I wonder?"

"I don't think he would like my best doll," said May, in a rather sad voice; for she was afraid lest Gerty should say he would. "But he shall have my donkey."

"I think he *would* like your best doll," said Gerty.

"Oh, no!" cried May, "for boys poke out dolls' eyes. He would like yours better than mine, then, Goo, because she has a pink frock."

"No, indeed," said Gerty, "my best doll has got the measles, you know, she couldn't go out."

"And so has mine," said May.

"She hadn't them before," said Gerty. "You know yesterday you said she should not have them."

"But she took them to-day, when I was out," said May. "I am sure she did; I shall go and see." And May ran into the joy-house, and came back in a minute, crying out, —

"Yes, yes, she has the measles, and is very ill with them, indeed, so he shall have my donkey."

"Now, May, is that kind? You know your donkey's broken," said Gerty. "Give him cockielockie. He would like that."

"My cockielockie! Oh!" cried May, "how can I? My dear cockielockie, who I love so much!" and the tears came into May's eyes.

Cockielockie, you must know, was the name of a very prety wooden cock, which one of May's uncles had given her. It nodded its head, and moved its tail, and crowed when it was squeezed, and it was May's great pet. She generally took it to bed with her, and she played with is the first thing in the morning when she awoke; and she used to tell cockielockie all her secrets and her troubles; and when any of the dolls had been naughty, she talked to cockielockie, and asked him what he thought about it. And May made little squeaky answers for cockie-

lockie and always took his advice. Poor May! she did not like to part with such a dear friend, so she stood by Gerty, looking sad; and just then Aunt Emmie came in.

"Why, May, darling, what is the matter?" said she. May burst into tears.

"It's about cockielockie," said Gerty; and she told Aunt Emmie what they had been saying. Aunt Emmie sat down in the window-seat, and took May on her lap, and kissed her.

Then she said, "Don't cry about it, my little May. You need not give away cockielockie unless you like. But you would like to make that poor little boy happy, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, auntie," said May, drying her eyes.

"He is in such bad pain," said Aunt Emmie, "all day and all night, and he has none of the nice things you have. His mother is very poor, and can only just buy him bread to eat. He has no good meat and potatoes and tarts and fruit, as you have. He has nothing to amuse him as he lies there all day in such pain; he has not even any little brothers or sisters, and his mother has to work hard all day. Don't you think it is very sad for him, poor little boy?"

"Yes, auntie," sobbed May.

"Well, then," said Aunt Emmie, "think how kind God has been to you, in giving you so many nice things: you might have been like that poor little boy, if God had pleased. Don't you think you ought to thank God for being so kind to you?"

"Yes, auntie dear," said May.

"And how can you show him that you are thankful?" asked Aunt Emmie.

The little girls did not answer directly. Then Gerty said, "By giving some of our things to others."

"Yes," said Aunt Emmie. "And we should show our love to God by denying ourselves for him. Do you know what that is?"

"No, auntie," said May.

"Not being selfish, is n't it?" asked Gerty.

"Yes," said Aunt Emmie. "We should not give away only what we don't care about; but we should give up sometimes what we like. For it is really giving to God, when we give to the poor and suffering whom he loves. . . .

After Aunt Emmie was gone down stairs, May went into the joy-house by herself, and took Cockielockie out of the perambulator, which was his nest. She sat down on the floor, and made him nod his head and wag his tail; and then she kissed him, and said to him, "Cockielockie,

dear, you are going away from May, to a poor little boy that is burnt. I hope you wont't mind it very much. You see it will be kind to go and stay with him, for he is so poor. I think he will love you very much; and mind you make him happy, dear Cockielockie. Good-by! good-by!"

Then she kissed Cockielockie a great many times, and I think a few more little round tear-drops fell into her lap. Presently, she got up and came to Gerty, who was reading, curled up on the broad low window-seat.

"Goo, I've done it!" she said, softly.

"Done what?" asked Gerty, looking up.

"Given up Cockielockie," said May.

"Have you, May dear? I am so glad," said Gerty. "And do you know what I shall give? I have been thinking of something which I like *very* much, — the little picture which hangs over my bed, May dear, of Jesus in the manger, with the oxen standing by; and I dare say he knows the hymn about it, —

'Once in royal David's city.'

If he doesn't, we can tell him."

"Yes," said May, "so we can! Let us ask auntie how soon she will take us to the little boy."

"Gerty and May."

MISTRESS TAB RINGS THE BELL.

IN country hotels morning is made hideously joyful by the ringing of a bell as big as the one in the picture; but it is not usual to attach one of this size to a door. However, it is symbolic of Mistress Tabby's attitude as heroine of Lucy's Fur Friends. So let us imagine that she is ringing the bell to get admittance to your hearts, as she introduces to you the respectable family of Whisker.

FEEDING-TIME.

COME here, pretty chickies,
I want you to eat
These nice crumbs of bread,
So fresh and so sweet.

One handful I've thrown,
And there is another,
For the pretty brown hens
And their kind little brother.

He never is selfish
And chooses the best,
But waits till they finish,
Then eats up the rest.

Remember, dear children,
That Chick-a-dee-dee
A lesson may teach
To you and to me.

Infant's Magazine.

"BETTER NEVER LATE."

"YOU are rather late this morning, William," said good Mr. Rise-with-the-sun to a laggard apprentice who came at a late hour.

"Yes, sir; but 'Better late than never' is an old saying," replied William.

"Better never late," said his master, "is of far more worth, though it may not be so old."

TAB RINGS THE BELL

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I. — CATLAND BARN.

"CHEER up, sister Tab, Winter's kicking off his snow-boots, and Spring's green slipper peeps under the hedge."

"Ah, Caprille, it will take weeks to get those boots off, and many a sunning of my back to make me forget the long, dismal winter. How I hated stepping in the snow and the sound of the howling wind! Shall I ever forget our burrowing, half starved, in the barn, and how seldom they gave us milk."

"Don't let the winter spoil the spring."

"I mind most having to mouse," said my youngest sister, little Chinchilla, lapping out her tongue. "Meat makes our neighbor, Mrs. Dinah, fierce as a tiger. For my part, give me milk."

"What it is to be a family cat!" said my mother, Mrs. Whisker, in her sick voice (for she had the *wheezes* that day). "Tab a croaker, Caprille light-headed as a witch, and Chinchilla turning against her natural food, where would Clive House be if we were *not* mousers?"

"Mouse is relishing," said I, "tail ate last. But why do *we* die of the cold, with that house full of snug eaves and dog-holes?"

"Dr. Clive can't bear cats, and only suffers us in the *barn* because we keep the rats in order. Tab, how little you know of life! I do *not* say no cat was ever better off (for there was Mr. Whittington's); but this I *do* say, you are as well off as you deserve, croaking away, with this lofty barn heaped with sweet-smelling hay."

"Tab forgets," said Chinchilla, in her flabby way, "that old, lank, ragged cat, with hungry eyes, which crawled to the door to gnaw our cast-off bone."

"I may live to be such another bare-backed creature."

"Don't borrow trouble," said Caprille, daintily balancing one of her pretty white paws. "Think of something pleasant, something funny. Soon we shall blink the sun, summer visitors to Harmony Hil. ooping by to show us the fashions and tell us the news."

"If I could only be a lady!" said I. "I'm so weary of this eternal licking and lapping."

Here dear Lucy Clive ran to the barn, with cake in her hand, and we flocked round, purring and mewing, eager or our share.

"Don't waste your cake on cats," cried her brother Mount.

"Not common cats," said Lucy, crumbling it, "but *dear fur ladies*."

"They're ust like other cats."

"If grandpa 'd only let me have one in the house for my own, now my bird is dead!"

"Your fine fur ladies relish birds!"

"Because they don't know any better."

"If grandpa denies *me* a dog, you may go whistle for a cat."

"Children! children!" some one called, and away they ran.

"Our first spring pleasure," cried Caprille, "Lucy's cake."

I did not deny it. Mount was not to say a bad boy, — he did not throw stones on purpose; but Lucy fed us, stroked our fur the right way, and carried us in an arm-chair, softly singing; and Lucy's cough had kept her from the barn.

"What a noise they make," said Mount, "teasing you to come again!"

But no. The beasts were jeering at *me*. "Fur lady!" mooed the cows; "Fur lady!" neighed the horses; "Fur lady!" crowed the cock; "Fur lady!" squealed the pigs, till I was sick of the sound; for I felt that a

Whisker was far too respectable to be laughed at; and my mother was a Whisker. She took back her maiden name when my father, Mr. Black Cat, hid in a coal vessel on Toby's wharf, and sailed to parts unknown. He was not a pleasant cat, I'm sorry to say; and I ear Mrs. Whisker was as glad as the neighbors when he went.

Caprille had a charming white tippet, and the best of spirits; Chinchilla's skin was as lovely as her disposition; and I prided myself on my green eyes and melancholy. So genteel! It is true Mrs. Whisker's ropey tail mortified me; but, if you shut your eyes to that, she was well-looking for her age (which she never told). To gain a favor we called her "Mrs. Whisker," and bowed low.

Her temper was not of the best; and I inherit it, which did not make her love me much. I do not remember that she ever praised me. I used to wish that she'd care enough about me to scold me, as she did Caprille. Chinchilla was the baby, so she spoiled her to her heart's content. I think Mrs. Whisker made a mistake with me, for cats thrive as much on praise as on milk. But my mother had her good points; and one was half starving herself last winter because we were growing cats, and the few times milk was brought she gave her share to Chinchilla. "Dear little cat," she said, "lucky if she lives out one life; while those hearty creatures, Caprille and Tab, are sure of nine."

What a sight when Mrs. Whisker meets Mrs. Dinah!—tails like brooms, backs in ridges, eyes all sparks, growl following growl. If you can believe it, Mrs. Dinah lodges at our barn, though she belongs to the next house, Pansy Bank; and, what's more, she chooses to be the *boss* of the barn. Often she starts a nursery in the loft; but, as soon as her kittens open their eyes, she lugs them to Pansy Bank by the nape of the neck; and the one she is allowed to bring up, when fattened to a puff-ball, is given away; so our neighborhood may be said to be sown with Dinahs.

Mrs. Dinah does not mind losing her children after the first day, when she goes moping about; for she is happy in being cosseted by the ladies who live at Pansy Bank, and who talk nonsense to her by the hour together. No doubt, she makes a pretty cat-picture crouched among the climbing roses on Pansy-Bank woodshed; for she is a Maltese, with a white breast-pin.

But I say, "Handsome is that handsome does," when, from a dinner of plenty, she tries to grab our cod's head or mackerel's tail.

I have heard that Miss Bremer, who once visited Harmony Hill, expects to meet animals in heaven; and I should have liked to ask her (only human creatures are not able to understand cat-language), "How about Mrs. Dinah, who thinks only of self?"

A LESSON OF MERCY.

A BOY named Peter
Found once in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath,
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
The two went on the run,
Saying, one to the other,
"Oh, won't we have fun?"

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd got nearly back,
When a donkey came
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now, the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad,
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad,
With his warm nose, a dump,
And he woke and got off,
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John,"
Says Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye, and
An action like that!"

"For my part, I haven't
The heart to," says John;
But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on:

"Let's help him;" so both lads
Set off with a will,
And came up with the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top,
Back again they both run,
Agreeing they never
Had had better fun.

ALICE CARY.

A WORD IN SEASON.

As I was eating my luncheon at a restaurant the other day, I caught these words: —

"It's a hard world!"

"Well, some people seem to have an easy a time any way."

Then I could not keep silent; so I said: "I heard what you said. But care and trouble are much more equally distributed than you think. I am not rich; but I know rich people, and they have their trouble, if it be only finding something to do. Indeed, work is a blessing."

"Yes," said the head girl, "and I like to work. But it isn't pleasant to be snubbed, now by one, and now by another."

Then there was a pause, and I went on with my tea and toast, while the head girl went to intercede for her companion.

"You can have till a quarter past five," she whispered on her return.

"What was the matter?" I asked, as the sad one disappeared up the stairs with quick steps. "I am sorry to see one so young look so gloomy."

"She's bright enough usually," said the other; and there the talk ended.

But I am greeted so pleasantly when I go to the shop that I see I gave no offence by what I meant to be a word in season.

HOW TO MAKE SUNSHINE.

"SUNSHINE! why, we have plenty of that every day," says a dear little friend at my side.

Yes, we certainly have plenty of it outside of us; and it is the most beautiful thing in the world, because it makes every thing pleasant that it looks upon. Do the young people who read this paper ever think how beautiful and how useful the sunlight is? how it wraps the world in its bright mantle, till the earth's

old heart grows warm and young again and the grass and flowers spring forth? how it wanders all over the world, into every nook and corner, with its cheerful smile? how it glances in the trees, and plays through the thick branches, till the little birds twitter and warble with delight in their leafy nests?

But it is another kind of sunshine I mean we are to make. Your own heart is the sun, and your home is the little world which you are to fill with happiness.

Do you suppose the sun ever sees any thing dark with that great bright eye of his? Why, no; for the moment he looks at any thing it grows bright, and nothing can be dark where he is looking. Just so, if you always carry a heart full of sunshine with you, every thing will seem beautiful and bright. But, if your own heart gets clouded with impatience or discontent, you will find the pleasantest place on earth very gloomy and disagreeable.

How different would our life be, if we were only determined, in spite of discouragements, to be cheerful and happy ourselves, and to add, by every possible means, to the welfare and the happiness of those around us!

But can every one be happy who wishes it? Surely, every one desires happiness; then why do so many fail in the attempt to gain it?

Because they do not try in the right way. Our only way to be happy is the one in which God is happy, and that is by *being good* and *doing good*. Those who earnestly try this, never fail of success.

"But can *every one* be good?" says my little friend, thoughtfully, and with downcast eyes.

Yes, dear, every one can be good by the help of God, who willingly gives the help of his Spirit to all who sincerely ask for it.

Early Days.

THE popular mind is not awake to the injurious influence that is being exerted by the prevailing character of the songs which the children sing in many a Sunday school. The legitimate result of this influence is the enervation of the faculties through which profound impressions are made upon the soul, and a frivolous disposition sad to contemplate in view of human possibilities. It is high time to lay violent hands upon the evil which has thus been faintly represented. "Thoughts that breathe" are not too grand for children's minds. "Words that burn" are not too sacred for children's lips. Strains that sing "to the very soul" are not too rich for children's ears. Let ennobling thought be wedded to ennobling melody: let the two, hand in hand, enter the Sunday school; let them share with pious teachers the blissful task of instructing the children: and as surely as there is in human nature a capacity for growth, the end will be the development of men and women to whom a grand idea or a generous impulse will not be a rare surprise.

Who can doubt that if the songs of the Sunday-school were what they ought to be, instructive but not didactic, lively but not flippant, simple but not silly, the children would learn to love the more stately and majestic hymns and tunes for which they now have no relish? Says a contemporary: "Authors and composers have fallen into the error of writing *down* to a level below the average intellect, instead of drawing the mind up by a grade of words and music higher than that average. Children like this latter method; it appeals to their honorable pride; it enhances their self-respect, and stimulates their courage." Is it not clear that the children do not love to sing the hymns of the house of God, partly because their tastes are vitiated by songs worse than worthless in the Sunday school,

and that the true mission of the Sunday-school is in one respect fulfilled when it has by a wise process of education prepared the children to join with loving ardor in the hymns of the sanctuary?

Professor Tourjee, in the "Golden Rule."

IT is a beautiful idea that in the new park at Southampton stands a statue to the immortal memory of Dr. Watts, erected by the penny contributions of Sunday-school children, for whose profit he wrote so much, and whose praise would have been so precious to him. Dr. Watts may be said to have originated modern English hymn-writing, it having been his custom to write an appropriate hymn for every sermon that he preached, and many of his most celebrated compositions were heard first by his congregations, which were often composed of the working-classes. Thus, the lines "Am I a soldier of the cross?" was the conclusion of a sermon from the text, "Stand fast in the faith, — quit you like men, — be strong."

ALEXANDER STRAHAN writes about "Bad Literature for the Young;" and "Penny Awfuls," in some American periodicals "thickly buttered with Christian phraseology," furnish some evil extracts. He says: "Our own strong feeling is that neither ordinary education, nor even religious education, will suffice to keep up the standard of popular literature. The tastes of the majority must be law, because the majority are themselves law. The whole question of engaging the attention of the young in favor of good literature is a most difficult one. It has at times quite a hopeless look about it. For myself, I think the flood of bad literature could be very materially checked by any competent publisher taking a common sense view of the subject, and working it out with the help of strong faith in human nature, and in the general progress of society. Some things are clear and admitted. Literature for boys and girls, as distinguished from children, must be forward-looking, and full of spirit and enterprise, and quick with the warm blood of youth. It must be full of incident and picture; its *motif* must be will and feeling rather than ideas. It must not be goody-goody, and it certainly must not be prudish. Perfectly pure and modest, of course, it must be, but it must be gay and fresh. And the spirit of divine obligation and human service must be everywhere present, though nowhere obtruded."

ARNULPH was the son of a physician. He was preparing himself for the calling of his father. One day he came to his father and said, "Father, let me go into the cloister and serve God." But his father said, "Thou dost well to wish to serve God. As a physician, thou mayest serve him, and serve thy fellow-men also." "To serve God is better than men," answered Arnulph. "Pray this night for God's guidance, O son! To-morrow I will do as thou wilt." So Arnulph went and prayed God to receive him as his servant. And his eyes were opened, and lo! an angel, whose hands were full of roses. "Behold," said the angel, "the offerings of those who serve God." "And can I offer him any thing?" asked Arnulph. "Lo! here in my left hand is thy offering also," said the angel. Arnulph asked again, "Why are the roses in thy left hand scentless? Those in thy right hand are full of fragrance." But the angel answered, "In my left hand are their offerings who serve their heavenly Father, but care not to serve his children. In my right hand are their offerings who serve God, and serve man also."

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, — so the story goes, —
Upon a living bent,
Entered a meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say,
"Here we shall have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work;
The light webs grew apace;
One on the sofa spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so, half dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he;
"There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies!"

He tried the pulpit, but, alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting-brush the sexton came
And spoiled his geometric game,
Nor gave him time nor space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half-starved and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed the fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked,
"that I
Endure such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?"
"'Tis plain," he answer'd, — "not a loss
I've met since first I spun across
The contribution-box!"

Early Days.

EVER IN THE RIGHT.

Ever in the right, boys,
Ever in the right!
Give a ready hand and true
To the work you have to do, —
Ever in the right!

COSEY CORNER.

I HAD almost written *chimney* corner. My dears, how I wish we had a chimney to sit in, and examine the groups the red-hot coals model for us, — an odd animal, a quaint face or stately castle, fashioned for a moment, then crumbling away.

How beautiful to sit there, with placid grandma knitting, grandpa nodding, Uncle Fred cracking his jokes and spinning his yarns about what he saw and did in the Bermudas and at the Barbadoes. A brand falls: alert Aunt Kitty springs for the tongs, crying, "Jack, touch the bell for wood."

Jack, naughty rogue, rises and touches the bell-rope, but does not pull it till grandma shakes her head.

Then follow stories of "once on a time." Jack puzzles us with connundrums, which only Aunt Kitty can guess. Little Grace teases to sit up half an hour longer, with a "surely" promise of going then. The half hour out, she kisses all round; and grandpa wakes up bright as the morning.

The talk grows graver: Aunt Kitty and Uncle Fred tell of business affairs that once went wrong, and how they feared to become so poor as not to be able to buy wholesome food, or have a comfortable fire, and, worse than all, little to spare for the destitute.

And grandpa catches up the word, and says: "You must not put your trust in riches. There isn't as much gratitude in the world as there used to be." Till Aunt Kitty, seeing that grandma looks anxious, as if he would have a poor night, quickly changes the subject by starting a very sweet hymn.

THERE are two words that should take up most of our thoughts and cares, namely, *time* and *eternity*. TIME, because it will *so soon* be at an end; and ETERNITY, because it will *never* come to an end.

"WHO IS SHE?"

THERE is a little maiden —
Who is she? Do you know? —
Who always has a welcome,
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by every one;

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low:
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
You certainly can guess; —
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is — Cheerfulness.

"DAILY Praise and Prayer" is admirable in design and execution. Its compact brevity and judicious selections will make it a life-long aid to private and household devotion. The introductory sentences are from the Bible. The familiar hymns which it contains have deeply moved the religious heart; the less known have an appropriate charm. The prayers are in part from ancient liturgies, replete with fervent piety, in words of simple and severe beauty. A most useful gift for Sunday-school teachers and older pupils. Price, $1. Published by the American Unitarian Association.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY first is called to judge an erring man;
My next you've practised since your life began;
My third you do, as these few lines you scan;
My fourth, a prefix signifying "one";
The loving would my fifth at sorrow's moan.
Read but my primals forwards, you will find
The name of one who dearly loved his kind;
My finals, backwards read, reveal the way
By which he walked through all his busy day.
Walk in this way, and let his precepts guide
Through all the changes which your life betide.

W. N. C.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

IN eastern lands doth *Syria* lay;
Peru once owned the Incas' sway;
Marks of a *rat* are sometimes seen;
Iglau is the little town you mean;
Nahum foretold a city's fall;
On the *green* may dance the children all;
The *snow* protects from winter's cold;
In *Uri* lived brave Tell of old;
Fair *moon* the queen of night we see;
While *mart* the place of trade must be;
Ere is the word that means *before*;
And angry waves do loudly *roar*.

Now thus are found the seasons four,
That bring their blessings to our door.

INCUR no debts that you cannot pay. Pay at once when you do incur a debt.

IF a shopkeeper gives you too much change, return it as promptly as you would demand it if the mistake were in his favor.

WHEN you describe what you have seen, be exact, and use few words.

SPEAK the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(George F. Piper, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.
Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.